

# C. C. N. Y. COUNCIL ANGRY AT SAMSON

Wildly Chides Pacifist and  
Says He Must Beg Gen-  
eral Wood's Pardon.

## LEON CERTAIN HE'LL NOT APOLOGIZE

Militaristic Spirit Stalks Upon  
Campus. Burning Literature  
Socialists Provide.

Leon Samson, 18, of the College of the City of New York, yesterday furiously rebuffed the pacifist's attempt of the family by repulsing the student council, to clip his free speech locks.

Following Thursday's disturbance, when the diminutive Samson was hustled from the great hall in which Major General Leonard Wood was visiting the undergraduates to partake of military training, an indignant and protracted meeting of the Student Council was held.

Resolutions were passed, stating that, whereas Leon Samson had risen in his seat and shouted at the end of General Wood's address, and "whereas, the act was one of extreme discourtesy to General Wood, who was a guest of the college at the time, and to the faculty and the students of the college," he it resolved that the Student Council, representing the opinion of the students of the college, severely reprimand Leon Samson for his unseemly action, and be it further resolved, that the student council demand an immediate written apology to General Wood, the faculty, and the students.

Apologize? Never, He Says.

This slap on the wrist, however, did not seem to break any watch crystal of Samson, for he stoutly maintained that he would not apologize. He based his refusal on the belief that he had acted within his rights, and was entitled to free speech.

The spirit of militarism was still making among the academic corridors of the college yesterday. At noon a group of seniors, with the aid of the campus cop, drove from the quadrangle the cohorts of the Townsend Harris High School. Then a number of women, among them being Teresa Maget, of the Socialist Campaign Committee, bore upon the college with pamphlets in distribution. The pamphlets were pacifistic in nature. No speeches were made.

But the youthful enthusiasm of the Townsend Harrisites had been aroused. They seized a number of the pamphlets, and, standing on the ground, and placed them in a lighted match. As the flames rose, young America formed in single file and proceeded to execute a knickerbocker dance.

Mars Steps Forward.

The spirit of Mars leaped into the arms of the collegians. From the side and sleeves hurried the undergraduates.

"Run the kids off the campus!" was the cry. And so it was. The withdrawal of the Townsend Harrisites was exactly dignified, but it was comical.

Pacifist Leon Samson did not successfully evade the advocates of preparedness, either. When he came to school yesterday morning from his home, 1493 Fifth Avenue, he received several invitations to physical combat. All of these, however, he diplomatically declined.

"I told them," he said, "that they were college men and should be willing to reason. But I am not the sort of pacifist who turns the other cheek. I will fight if I have to."

Then, with the air of a Socrates, he delivered himself of the following epigram: "I am one," said he, "who believes in finishing, not starting."

Overcoat Returned.

Samson was called from his French class yesterday morning to the dean's office. His overcoat was returned to him. It had been brought there the day before by one of the senior marshals at the time of the young pacifist's rather hurried exit from the great hall. Samson described in glowing terms an alleged interview with Dean Brownson. He insisted that he had been struck by an officer from the dean's office, although this statement was vigorously denied by a number of the seniors.

At the end of a two-hour session the student council gave out a statement, painstakingly typewritten. It presented the facts that the board of trustees had sanctioned no course in military training; that the students had in no wise rebelled against the faculty; that the so-called "riots" were "in no way representative of the sentiment of the student body as a whole," and that practically all the excitement had resulted from a distribution of a special edition of a Socialist newspaper.

Pacifists at Columbia

Plan War on Plattsburg

Despite the fact that plans are already in full swing at Columbia for sending a large delegation of students to Plattsburg during the coming summer, a few students who feel that the camp is a scheme to breed militarism purpose to hold a mass meeting next Tuesday, at noon, to deny the camp and national preparedness in general.

The meeting is not approved about the campus, and it is thought that some such scene as met the efforts of pacifists at C. C. N. Y., is likely on Tuesday. The general sentiment of the students was expressed a week ago at the preparedness mass meeting addressed by Mayor Mitchell and Major General Wood, and it was overwhelmingly in favor of the Plattsburg camp plan and the measures now before the country for national preparedness.

Silas F. Sandler, 17, an editor of "Challenge," who attacked Plattsburg in the first issue of that paper has announced he will tell "The Truth About Plattsburg" on Tuesday. Sandler, student president of the Anti-Preparedness League, states that he, unaided, will convince the other students of the folly of preparedness.

AGED BEGGAR, FREED,  
RUNS HOME TO MAMMA

Court Startled by Old Man's  
Whining Plea.

Detective Cole of the Mendicancy Squad, led an aged, decrepit, gray-haired man before Magistrate Groehl in the men's night court last night. He was John Ledwith, of 33 Park Street, found begging in Wall Street.

"Do you plead guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"I want to go home to my mother," whined the old man.

"Your mother?" repeated the surprised magistrate. "How old is she?"

"Ninety-nine," said the old man.

"All right," said the court, "run along to mamma, and don't beg any more." The old man shuffled off.

ALL COMPOSITE CARS  
GONE FROM SUBWAY

Steel Coaches Have Replaced  
Lighter Coaches.

The time given the Interborough Company to remove the composite cars from the subway expires today. A report from the engineers of the Public Service Commission announced that all such cars had been removed and all-steel cars placed in operation.

The original order for the removal of the 478 composite cars was adopted January 12, 1915. They were taken off gradually and the all-steel bodies constructed on the old heavy trucks, which the company was allowed to retain.

Subsequently the commission gave the company permission to mount the composite bodies on lighter trucks and use them for operation upon the elevated lines.

# RAILWAYS TO TAX TERMINAL DELAY

Progressive Demurrage  
Charge Approved by Com-  
merce Commissions.

## AIM TO DISCOURAGE SPECULATIVE SHIPPER

Merchants' Association Urges  
Opening Piers at Night to  
Relieve Congestion.

To reduce the accumulation of freight at the ports of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, the railroads, starting today, will enforce for two weeks progressive demurrage rules approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission and will charge for cars left standing at terminals after the free time has expired. All cars other than refrigerator cars will be taxed \$1 a day for the first three days and \$2 a day for all succeeding days, excluding holidays and Sundays.

The temporary progressive demurrage charges have also been approved by the state commissions and are intended to induce consignees to unload cars more promptly, thus releasing equipment and clearing yards for the service of other patrons.

The new rule is also expected to discourage the practice of shipping commodities to tidewater on speculation and without having made previous arrangements for disposing of them on arrival.

A suggestion to keep open piers and terminals until midnight was submitted yesterday to the Eastern freight accumulation conference of representatives from the local freight association, the shippers and the trucking interests. The suggestion provides that merchants be moved because of the merchants' call for incoming shipments during the night instead of having the goods lie at terminals and piers overnight, thus clogging incoming and outgoing freight.

"We believe," said J. C. Lincoln, of the Merchants' Association, who is also chairman of the Shippers' General Committee on Freight Congestion, "that the railroads and ship lines will be willing to keep open their terminals for the removal of incoming freight if the merchant shows a disposition to receive it at night."

Officials say there are many hundreds of cars of freight outside of the New York piers and terminals which cannot be moved because of the congestion. More than 60 per cent of incoming freight, they say, is allowed to lie about for two and three days.

Do we look worried?

"We are not worried," continued Madam, "because we know the captain is not guilty. He would tell you himself, quickly and emphatically enough, if you asked him where his sympathies lie. He is pro-German. So is Lotta."

But no matter what his sympathies, my husband is not a spy. His father was an officer in the Franco-Prussian war. His brother is a major with the Kaiser's army. The captain is a fighter, a family of fighters. He would give his right arm to be in the trenches that he might fight Germany's enemies with his left.

Diary Disproves Charge.

"That is not the man who becomes a spy. Besides, the captain is too frank. He cannot deceive. I, his wife, should know. We three—Lotta, the captain and I—are very close together. We have no secrets from one another. So why, if the captain were plotting to blow up canals, should the other two of us not know it? Why should we have been surprised when he was arrested? Perhaps you cannot understand how close we three have been. How did I express it the other day, Lotta?"

However high her ethereal soprano may run when she sings, Madame, it seems, runs to lowly metaphors in thought. For Lotta explained that the diary, while motoring, had noticed an advertising placard and had exclaimed: "That's a description of our family—three in one."

"And so it is," Madame went on. "Captain Tauscher would have told us if he had done it; and since he didn't tell us, we know he didn't do it. Is it not simple?"

"It is, the first place, they say it was 'on' about August 14, 1914; that the captain entered into this so-called conspiracy. I looked in his diary and discovered it August 27."

"Tauscher Trusted by All."

"Besides, you must consider the captain's high standing at Washington. As representative of the Krupp, Ehrhardt and Mauser plants, he has sold to the United States, and, with the knowledge of Washington, to the Carlists. He was known and respected and trusted. I have read in the papers about the 'mysterious' stores of munitions which my husband has here and there about the country. Is it not natural that a dealer in munitions should have such stores? Also, they were not hidden from the United States."

"It is true that the captain knew Herr von Papen. In fact he spent a large part of last summer with us at Bay Shore, L. I. Would a spy thus invite attention to himself?"

"The captain and I have talked often about spies, of course. I recall him remarking that, great as his patriotism, he could never be one of them. 'Concerning his feelings my husband has always been frank, as I am frank. When he first returned from Germany he made many enemies, for he would insist on speaking his thoughts when the Fatherland was attacked. More lately he has had less to say. 'What's the use?' he asks."

Would Gladly Be a Spy.

Madame had looked at the clock many times as she talked. She had seen the minute hand creeping slowly up the left side of the dial until it was close to the hour. Lotta had been clock-watching, too. It must have been a trick of the lighting that had gradually paled their cheeks through the minute hand's ascent.

A question was asked. Madame heard it the second time. She had been listening for something else, perhaps.

"How far would my own love, Germany carry me?" she repeated. "Could I bring myself to be a spy?"

"Well, I am a woman. I cannot fight of war do not bind my sex so tightly. But, yes, if that is being a spy, I could blow up munitions plants and be glad. I could go from one to another, singing, for I would know that with each one sent into the sky the lives of so many hundreds or thousands of my fellow-countrymen would be saved. I would only want to know that I could warn the workers in time to save themselves. There, tell them that!"

From the dark background came a voice:

"Dinner is served, Madame."

Madame rose, her eyes still on the clock; her ears, too, for a whirling told of bells about to chime.

Ten seconds later the reporter met a man in the entrance corridor below—a man of military bearing, who responded to the name of Captain Tauscher and a man decidedly in a hurry.

Calls Von der Goltz a Faker.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but my lawyers have told me not to talk. Besides, I am almost late for a very important engagement with two ladies whom I

# NOT WORRIED BY FATHER'S ARREST.



Lotta Tauscher, who her mother, Mme. Galski, declares is pro-German.

## GADSKI WOULD RUIN PLANTS FOR KAISER

Continued from page 1

have never disappointed in my life. Just say that von der Goltz is a faker."

A clock began to strike 7. The elevator gate stood open and the reporter stood aside. Captain Hans Tauscher is still a man of his word.

Captain Tauscher had spent most of the day in conference with his lawyer, Felix H. Levy, of 37 Liberty Street, while the government was filing its formal complaint against him. In the complaint it is charged that he and Alfred A. Fritzer, unlawfully, feloniously and wilfully did begin and set on foot and prepared the means for a military enterprise to be carried on from the United States against the territory, property or dominions of a foreign prince with whom the United States is at peace.

The arrest of five more German plotters is expected by the Department of Justice as a result of the disclosures made by Horst von der Goltz, the German spy released by the British to testify in this country. One and possibly two of those caught are understood to be German consular officers.

Two of the arrests expected are in connection with the Welland Canal plot, the other three being in the passport frauds. Agents of the Department of Justice said yesterday that the three concerned in the passport cases were under surveillance in Baltimore, and could be taken into custody at any moment.

GLAD, DECLARES MRS. WAITE

Wants Imprisonment, Not Death, for Husband.

(By Telegram to The Tribune.)

Grand Rapids, Mich., March 31.—"Now that the indictment has been drawn against Arthur I am very glad," declared Mrs. Clara Louise Peck Waite today to Dr. A. W. Wishart. "I knew that it would follow, and yet at times I feared that something might slip and he might evade the law."

"I hope that everything goes along smoothly to the end now. The suspense worries me. I'm sure he will be convicted of the murder of father and mother. Perhaps his plans will insure leniency. I hope so in just one way. I don't want to see him go to the electric chair. It ought to be a life sentence."

"Every one thinks that I would be better off as a widow. I don't think so. Securing a divorce will be odious, but I believe I would rather do that than go through the experience of the electrocution of my husband."

Mrs. Waite is still confined to her room at the Peck home, but as soon as she is physically able will be taken to a retreat for a rest.

HORST VON DER GOLTZ.

Besides the old standbys of illness—tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid, tetanus, influenza, pneumonia and typhus—the amateur poisoner possessed such exotic bacilli as Asiatic cholera and anthrax.

WAITE'S BRIBE  
SHRANK IN CACHE

Continued from page 1

but nobody else must see," Kane finally whispered to the detective, when it appeared that the entire town, as well as many visitors from New York, were about to accompany him to his "sure spot."

So the detective chartered an automobile and, accompanied by the nervous embalmer, started out in the general direction of Orient Point Lighthouse. But they had not gone more than a mile when muddy roads caused the machine to break down, and they were compelled to turn back.

Treasure Hunters in Boat.

A motorboat was found, and Kane triumphantly announced that it would be much better, as he could more easily throw off the pursuers. It looked as if no means of conveyance would be equal to the trip, however, as the motorboat balked after a few feeble explosions. Another craft was obtained in a few minutes, and, much to the delight of Kane, it soon was under way, leaving a crowd of disappointed curiosity seekers watching from the shore.

At a point midway between the lighthouse and the town Kane, who had been eagerly watching the shore, suddenly told the man at the wheel to turn toward shore. It may have been chance, or it may have been design, but the embalmer had selected the loneliest spot on the estate of William Gillette, the stage personality of Sherlock Holmes, to conceal his cash.

Accompanied by the watchful Cuniff, Kane sprang from the boat and hurried to a tree that stood sentinel on

the shore a few feet away. Then, in true melodrama fashion, he counted off ten paces to the north, and uncovered a few inches of sand. Under this was the remnant of what once had been a dish pan. About two feet below this he revealed, by industrious use of a sharp-pointed stick, a rusty sardine tin. "Here it is! Take it, quick!" he finally said in a voice that shook with excitement.

The detective took charge of the box, dumped its contents in his lap and counted its contents three times. By the most energetic counting he could not make more than \$7,800 out of the roll of \$500 and \$100 notes.

A visit was made to the First National Bank, but it had been closed for two hours. A search was made for officers of the institution, but they could not be reached. Neither could anybody else who would permit the detective to deposit the money in a safe or strong box.

It was now Kane's turn to smile, while Cuniff became more and more worried. Then he discovered that A. V. Youngs possessed a safe of respectable proportions in his home. A visit was made to Youngs' house, and it was arranged that detective, embalmer and cash should remain there overnight. Two guardians were arranged for, however, who agreed that nobody would be permitted to enter or leave the house at night.

After Cuniff had safely deposited the cash and Kane had been received by the residents of this, his former home, as a prodigal son, the embalmer became more communicative. It became known that Kane came down here last Tuesday night for the sole purpose of getting rid of the money in his pocket.

Arriving at Greenport after dark he hired a rig and drove out to the Gillette estate, sought a spot he had known years before as being seldom visited, and decided to bury his treasure there. In the darkness Kane found it unnecessary to light matches in order to identify the spot. He simply counted a certain number of paces from a tree at the top of a hummock in the sand covered waste and deposited his sardine box. Over that he placed the remnant of dishpan that identified the spot yesterday and removed the evidences of his visit by spreading on the sand with his hand—as he had learned to do in boyhood.

Evil Sign of Pyramid

Traced on Waite's Face

Dr. Arthur Warren Waite is not alone in his belief that it was "the man from Egypt" who forced him to murder.

"Of course, there is a 'man from Egypt,' yesterday wrote a woman who declared that she 'had studied the occult deeply at the old British Museum in London,' and who asked that her name be concealed, directing her mes-

sage to Mrs. Margaret Horton, "the woman of mystery."

Still more surprising was a discovery which this believer in the psychic declares that she has made. On the right side of Dr. Waite's face, she says, there is a small triangle-shaped pyramid, bearing the dim outline of an evil face, the lineaments, of course, of this distinguishing mark are always obsessed, and nothing will free them from the domination of the evil spirit except death.

Mrs. Margaret Horton was very sad when the letter came. Her attorney, Harold Spielberg, had just told her that Dr. Waite had been indicted.

"What's that?" asked the "woman of mystery," and the lawyer explained.

"But they must put it off!" cried Mrs. Horton. "For this is Friday, an unlucky day." Her big brown eyes opened still wider with horror. "And it's the 31st, and if those numerals were reversed they would be 131!" she ejaculated.

Death Barks Egyptian Evils.

Then came the letter offering the cheering information that death is best, since there are no "men from Egypt" on the other side, and declaring that Dr. Waite's story about his "evil spirit" is sanctioned by the Bible itself!

"My interest was first raised by the sight of a good, honest, kindly-faced boy in the newspaper of Saturday, March 25," she wrote. "While I was looking at the boy's portrait I noticed all of a sudden the sign of a pyramid on his head. As I looked at it in different lights I could hardly believe my eyes, still I saw the side of an evil face, small, but perfectly formed, and of an Egyptian type."

She implored Mrs. Horton not to laugh any longer at the idea of "the man from Egypt," mentioning that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. She had once painted the picture of a boy with this same curious pyramid on his head, she explained, and he had afterward turned out to be ruled by an evil spirit. Five days later she saw another picture of Dr. Waite in the paper, and, lo! the "man from Egypt" still looked out from the side of his head in that spooky pyramid.

The unknown occultist has also written a letter to Dr. Waite's wife at Grand Rapids to tell her that "the man from Egypt" for enough to marry is not responsible for this."

"Don't you read your Bible?" she asked. "Do you not remember the casting out of evil spirits, and Jesus himself said: 'And by these signs shall ye know my followers, for they shall teach, preach, cure the sick and cast out devils.' It is too easy, too simple, to believe the truth?" she asks. "Is it easier to believe a man cruel and wicked?"

# WAITE INDICTED; SAYS "I'M SANE"

Bored, He Remarks "There  
Is No Chance — Not  
Afraid of Chair."

## GERM MENAGERIE TAKEN FROM HOME

Enough Bacilli Captured to Wipe  
Out City—Broken Mother  
Sees Son.

Arthur Warren Waite learned yesterday that he had been indicted for murder. He received the news with the same cold blooded, indifferent air that was his while he killed his wife's parents. The young surgeon dentist rolled over on his cot in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue with an air of absolute boredom when his attorney, Walter R. Deuel, informed him, late yesterday afternoon, that the grand jury in the morning had charged him with poisoning John E. Peck, his father-in-law.

His unshaven face, darkened by stubble which is rapidly becoming a beard, wore an almost disdainful look, as the lawyer paused after breaking the news.

"Just As I Expected."

"Just as I expected," he said almost carelessly.

To whatever words of comfort Mr. Deuel ventured to offer him he replied: "Oh, you know I am as sane as you are. There is no chance of that argument being accepted. I'm not afraid of the electric chair." Then he turned his head away.

Yesterday morning the grand jury returned the indictment charging Waite guilty of murder on two counts. Judge Nutt received it in General Sessions. It is now the intention of the state to arraign the prisoner before Judge Crain on Monday morning.

After his arraignment Waite's attorney will move that he be recommitted to Bellevue, instead of the Tombs, so that alienists engaged by the prisoner's family will be able to investigate his mental condition thoroughly. Dr. Morris J. Karpas, who is in charge of the testing of Waite's mind. He will be aided by two assistant alienists, not yet named. The entire procedure, Mr. Deuel says, will require six weeks.

Late yesterday afternoon, after the prisoner had been informed of his indictment, his two brothers, Frank and Clyde, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren W. Waite, visited him at the hospital.

The mother, old and portly, with a wistful, anxious face, was helped from the limousine by her husband. She walked feebly, supported on the other side by Frank. When she came out of the room where her son was held her bent shoulders were shaking with sobs and tears were streaming down her face.

Again the men returned to the ward, and the old woman remained in the machine. Mr. Deuel then informed her that her son had been indicted.

"My boy, my boy!" That was all she replied. In a few minutes her husband joined her and they drove away. This was her first sight of her son. She is old and weak and sorrow has broken her.

Each of the indictments two counts charges murder in the first degree. The first accuses Waite of having killed Mr. Peck with arsenic. The second alleges murder of the old man with a "poison to the grand jury unknown."

Waite's Germs Captured.

Dwellers in the Colosseum apartments, at 11th Street and Riverside Drive, are now breathing with fewer hygienic scruples, for Ray C. Schindler, a private detective, removed from Waite's apartment yesterday a whole menagerie of disease germs, totalling among them sufficient evil to have infected all of New York City.

Schindler fearlessly bearded the bacteria in his lair and emerged, after a long hunt, with 180 microscope slides, on which bits of germ culture had been spread, and one hundred test tubes of the cultures themselves.

The bacteria zoo was carried to the detective's office. For all he knows, however, it may be a germ graveyard by now. No one was certain whether the bacilli were alive or dead, and no one tried to find out. Not even Mr. Schindler cared to start anything with them. He was content to let sleeping germs lie.

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